

The Critic

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Shakspeare, Bacon, and 'Stop Careless Youthe.'

THE following narrative of certain curious accidental discoveries, needs a few lines of preface. It is written down promptly, in order that no time may be lost, nor the opportunity be given for an idea that the discoveries were made by artful prearrangement. Last night (Oct. 7) in going to make a call on my friend Walter Learned, I took with me the October *North American Review*, thinking that he might like to see the articles by Hugh Black and E. Gordon Clark, which assume to disclose in Shakspeare's epitaph a secret assertion that Francis Bacon wrote the plays. Mr. Learned had not read the articles. I briefly outlined their purport, and told him the scheme of Bacon's *omnia per omnia* cipher, by which these gentlemen undertake to draw out the inner meaning of the epitaph.

For the benefit of those who have not already acquainted themselves with it, let me here briefly explain again the method of reading any text which is fitted to the *omnia per omnia*. You divide the writing into groups of five letters each. Then you observe whether these letters are printed as capitals or in small type. Each capital must be translated as *B*, and each small letter as *a*. For example, the first ten letters in the Shakspeare epitaph are GOOD FREND. Reading them off by the formula, we render them into the two combinations *BaaaB* and *aaaaa*. Bacon's key to these combinations supplies their equivalents in letters of the alphabet; and, by that key, we find that these two combinations stand respectively for S and A. Thus:

GOOD	FREND
BaaaB	aaaaa
S	A

All we have to do then, in order to read a verse by the cipher, is to translate each group of five letters into *aB* combinations, find out by means of Bacon's key what letters of the common alphabet are indicated by these combinations, and then see what we can spell with these secret letters or 'significants.' But there are 32 possible *aB* combinations, and Bacon gives equivalents for only 24 of them in his table; because only 24 letters were used in the English alphabet of his day. Hence Messrs. Black and Clark think that, in trying to fit the cipher to any piece of writing not specially designed for it, one would be almost sure to evolve one of the extra *aB* groups, for which there is no equivalent in the alphabet. Of course such an accident as that would end any attempt to apply the cipher.

Mr. Learned barely glanced at the *Review*, and I was about to go home, leaving it with him, when he suddenly said: 'I believe one could get interesting results by applying the *omnia per omnia* to any old epitaph containing frequent capital letters. For instance, there is one epitaph very common in New England graveyards, which I recall. I scarcely ever went into any of our old cemeteries without finding it.' He repeated the lines; and, taking out his pencil, said he would write them down rapidly, using capitals

only as he thought they would be likely to occur in an old-fashioned inscription, and without calculation. He did so, with extreme rapidity; and then proceeded to divide the words into groups of five letters. Here I must explain that the whole experiment was begun and carried on without the slightest premeditation, and without the least expectation on the part of either of us that we should arrive at the astounding results which we obtained. Mr. Learned wrote like a flash; so that he could not possibly have calculated the relative positions of the capital letters, if he had tried. Further, if he had calculated them, it would have availed nothing; because at that time he had not even seen Bacon's 'bilateral alphabet' (or list of equivalents), and did not know the meaning of a single *aB* group. I must also add, with the strongest conceivable emphasis, that in all our subsequent scrutiny and deciphering of the New England epitaph, we did not tamper with or rearrange a word or a letter. The experiment was absolutely honest and unpremeditated.

Here is this familiar epitaph, as written down on the spur of the moment and then carefully divided into groups of five letters:

Stop Careless Youthe as You Pass by.
As You are now So once was I
As I am now So you must be.
Oh then Prepare to Follow Me.

Now, of course, the first thing that struck us about this was, that the divisions did not include all the letters. Two letters were left over at the end, forming the word 'Me.' However, we must remember that Messrs. Black and Clark, in dealing with Shakspeare's epitaph take decided liberties with the letters, in order to make them fit into the desired groups covering the whole text. They, for instance, count hyphens as both small and large letters; which is purely arbitrary assumption. They count $\frac{1}{2}$ as one large letter, instead of two (which is also an assumption at pleasure); and Mr. Clark at times, when so disposed, even counts it as *four* letters! Therefore—taking no liberties at all with our epitaph—we thought we were justified in calling the cipher a good fit, so far, even with the 'Me' left over; and, looking at the stanza as if it were a hermetic writing, the 'Me' might possibly have been left out of the cipher network for some special reason. Here, as in all subsequent steps, we followed the Black and Clark methods of interpretation in a general way, but allowed ourselves much less latitude of assumption and inference than they enjoy when dissecting the Shakspeare inscription. Having divided our text into groups, then, we translated them faithfully into *aB* combinations, according to Bacon's prescribed and authorized manner, and reduced those to alphabetic equivalents. I will give here merely one line, to show how it was done; for any reader can easily translate the whole stanza and test the accuracy of our work. In this first line, the sixth group had to be carried over so as to include one letter of the second line (precisely as Mr. Black found in the Shakspeare quatrain). So I will print that letter with the line:—

Stop	C	are	l	ess	You	the	a	s	You	P	a	ss	by.	A
BaaaB	aaaaa	aaBaa	aaaaa	BaaBa	aaaaB									
S	A	E	A	T	B									

The whole series of hidden letters, or 'significants,' derived from this process, ran as follows; being set down in undisturbed order just as they occurred, and arranged in horizontal rows from left to right, which correspond to the lines of the stanza; the 'Me' being added to the last row:—

SAEAT
BIAIRB
WCC
FARBA Me.

Observe, now, some curious facts—very remarkable facts—which we proceeded to note.

I. Every one of our *aB* combinations was translatable into a common alphabet letter. This proves the notion to be baseless, that a writing cannot be read into secret meanings by the Bacon cipher unless especially fitted to that cipher. Also, that the non-occurrence of an untranslatable *aB* group in the Shakspeare epitaph is no sort of proof that that composition was especially fitted to the cipher.

II. The first three letters (S, A, E) in our cabalistic series are exactly the first three letters educed by Black and Clark from the Stratford epitaph.

III. In Mr. Clark's essay, great stress is laid on the letter A, which is construed to mean 'Ay!'—as an exclamation strengthening Bacon's assertion of his authorship of the plays. Behold, in our column of 'significants' we have not only A, but AI, which is much better. And the A and the I are placed side by side, in a peculiar position, in the second row of our secret letters.

IV. Both Black and Clark adopt FRABA as an indisputable abbreviation for 'Francis Bacon.' These letters are found staring us in the face, arranged together with startling distinctness, in the last row of our secret letters; followed with strange significance by the extra word 'me.'

V. Drawing a line, as we have done, to partly separate certain letters in the first and second rows from the rest, we find the 'significants' S, A, B, E, A, R, in close neighborhood, with a very striking arrangement of B at each end of the second row, as if to attract attention and enable us to spell out SABEAR from either side. It may be said that this does not mean 'Shakspeare.' But it comes near spelling it. FRA BA requires us to supply 6 letters, before we can make 'Francis Bacon' of it. SABEAR requires only the omission of one letter and the supplying of 5 letters, to make 'Shakspeare.' But of this, more anon.

VI. Bear in mind that tremendous abbreviation is accepted as valid by Black and Clark; even DC being allowed to stand for 'Deceased.' Also, they do not demand correct spelling. We have now, remaining to be accounted for, the letters WT, CC, and B. WT of course stands for 'Writ.' C stands reasonably enough for 'Comedy;' and CC may be interpreted as the plural, 'Comedies.' B, as I shall soon prove, must be taken to mean 'By.' To sum up, we write out from our significant letters, taking them almost in their regular order:

AI SABEAR CC WT B FRA BA Me

That is:

Ay! Shakspear Comedies Writ By Francis Bacon, Me.

VII. Now, note the circumstance that FRA BA and 'Me' are all in the bottom row of our secret letters. Following that row from right to left, we reach, in the lower left hand corner of the whole column, the letter F. Then, reading from that vertically upward, we have, as the *initial* letters of each horizontal row, F, W, B, and S. There is something very remarkable and suggestive about this arrangement. Those letters, taken alternately, are the *initials* of the two names, Francis Bacon and William Shakspeare, thus:

S(hakspeare).
B(acon).
W(illiam).
F(rancis).

Of course we must read these from below upward; because F is the first letter of the abbreviated signature FRA. BA. in the bottom row of secret letters. Observe, too, that the Christian names Francis and William occur in the two lower rows; while the surnames Bacon and Shakspeare are placed in the two upper rows. On Mr. Clark's basis of reasoning, it would be an eye nearly blind that did not discover a deep meaning in this arrangement. Can such a symmetrical order of letters be the result of mere accident? No. According to Mr. Clark's theories, here is the evidence of careful design. It *must* have been intended by the author of 'Stop, Careless Youthe,' that these letters should suggest, to the discoverers of the secret, that the names of Francis Bacon and William Shakspeare are inextricably intertwined.

VIII. But, convincing as is the evidence already gathered from this cipher-study of the old New England epitaph, there still remains 'confirmation strong,' which clinches the matter. I have said that Mr. Learned and I concluded that the letter B must be taken to mean 'By.' But presently, not wishing to use so much latitude as Black and Clark have used in cipher-work, I said: 'Let us see where the combination occurs, that gives us B, and find out whether there is any justification for our using it to mean "By".' I did not think we should find any justification. In fact, I thought I had discovered a weak point in our interpretation. But when we came to look into the thing, what we found was this: The combination giving B occurs at the end of the first line of the stanza, 'Stop Careless Youthe.' But the 5 letters include one letter at the beginning of the second line of the stanza. Thus, the letters at the end of the first line, and the first letter at the end of line second, are 'ss by A' (translated by Bacon cipher).....aaaaB=B. It will be seen at once that among the outward and 'visible' letters which give the symbol for the secret B, occurs the word 'by.' That is the last word in the first line of our 'Careless Youthe' epitaph.

Now consult the third line of this epitaph, to see what the symbol is that gives us a 'significant' letter there. At the end of the *third* line, the group of five letters runs over and includes the first letter of the *fourth* (and final) line; precisely as we found that the group at the end of the *first* line ran over into the *second* line. This group at the end of the third and beginning of the fourth line includes the letters:.....'st Be O' (translated by Bacon cipher)....aaBaB = F.

Thus we arrive at a result more startling than any which has preceded it. The result is this: The first secret letter B, obtained by Bacon's cipher, comes from an arrangement of letters overrunning one line into the next line; which is precisely similar to the overrunning arrangement that gives us our only F. These are the only cases of overrunning that occur in our epitaph; and they occur in a symmetrical way. That is: the letters yielding the combination for B occur in the end of the first and the beginning of the second line of verse. Those for F occur in the end of the third and the beginning of the fourth line.

Briefly, the combination giving B involves the first two lines of the stanza. The combination giving F involves the last two lines. All the four lines are involved in giving us these two letters, B and F, thus giving them greater prominence and importance than W and S. Can any one call this a mere coincidence? Is there not, here, the most elaborate kind of design? The fact that the whole epitaph is needed in order to give us the initials F. B. naturally indicates that Francis Bacon includes and overlaps William Shakspeare.

IX. It has now been shown, by close adherence to the workings of the Bacon cipher, without any exaggeration or distortion, that 'Stop Careless Youthe' contains the revelation that Francis Bacon was the author of Shakspeare's comedies. It remains to notice some further and still more astonishing corroborations, which become manifest just so soon as we are possessed of the great clue and central secret already furnished by the cipher.

I am now about to exhibit some peculiarities of this epitaph, which vividly impress upon us its wonderful subtlety of construction—a subtlety rendering it worthy of the ingenious mind to whom Messrs. Black and Clark will probably attribute it. In the completeness of its inner and outward aspect, taken together, it will doubtless be esteemed the most marvellous stanza ever composed on earth. Readers of Messrs. Clark and Black will recall the fact that those gentlemen are satisfied with such results as they are able to get from interpreting the significant letters unearthed from the Shakspeare epitaph. With our epitaph we get quite as much as they do out of 'significants.' But we now go much further, and show a wonderful combination of means and arrangement which make the actual text of the epitaph a

key completely unlocking the riddle already partly solved. The analysts of the Stratford inscription do not pretend that the actual words there have any bearing on the hidden meaning. After the cipher has been used on them, they still remain a blind mask unlit by a ray of the secret signification. But it will soon be seen that our epitaph, once viewed by the light thrown from the cipher, becomes luminous with corroborative expressions in the actual words; so that every syllable is symbolic and helps to enforce the great disclosure. Let us trace out this linking together of the cipher narrative and the visible words.

Look at the epitaph itself. First we have a cipher B supplied by a translation of letters at the end of the first line—*i. e.*, the upper right hand corner of the epitaph—where also is the word *By*. Down at the lower right hand corner we find that solemn word *Me* (purposely excluded from the cipher by the author, for greater emphasis). Then at the left hand upper corner of the epitaph, stands the letter *S*; and beneath it, at the left lower corner the letter *O*; spelling *So*—a confirmatory word (like the *A I* of the cipher). This symmetrical placing of leading words at the corners is evidently meant to awaken us to a connection between the cipher sentence and the actual text. Taking them together they read like a deep affirmation:—

SO. By Me.

The word 'So' likewise appears in a prominent place in both the second and third lines of verse—in fact, precisely at the centre of the whole epitaph—as if to demand our particular attention. Bear in mind that the letters on the left-hand side gave us the clew to the initials *F., W., B., S.*—on the left side of the column of 'significants.' The bottom line of the epitaph, also, gave us *FRA BA.* Now the pointed omission of 'Me,' yet its great importance as giving the whole statement the tone of a personal announcement from Bacon himself, indicates that, after reaching the proper stage of enlightenment, we must consider the cipher words and the epitaph words together. Doing this, and beginning with 'So,' we pass to the 'By Me,' and then take in the cipher words and letters found in the bottom line and on the left side of the epitaph. Thus we get:

'So. By me, *FRA BA. F(rancis) B(acon) W(illiam) S(hakespeare).*' As will be seen, we have thus far drawn a firm chain of meaning around the two sides and the bottom line of the epitaph. It remains to connect the top line with them by a further link of the chain. Fortunately this can be done with ease, by recognizing that the author here had recourse to the crafty device of anagram. The top (or first) line contains 29 letters; beginning with *S*. It was the *S* that gave me the idea of looking for an anagram, and I found a superb one in those 29 letters (using only *l* twice). It reads:

OUT, SHACSSPEARE! YOU STOLE B'S PLAYYS.

(Observe the subtle phonetic allusion to Jacques Pierre in the junction of the curiously spelled 'Shacs' with 'speare!') This completes the chain. Or rather, to adopt a loftier metaphor, it joins the two sides of this wonderful structure with one imperishable architrave on which we may base further discoveries. Or again, let us say that we are now able to draw up the elements of the revelation in a hollow square, like this:

—>

↑	S	S	top Careless Youthe as You Pass	by
		[HAKESPEARE]		
		[ANAGRAM.]		
		(<i>Out, Shacsspeare! You stole b's Playys.</i>)		
↓	O	B	[ACON]	I
		W	[ILLIAM]	
		F	[RANCIS]	
			FRA BA	[Francis Bacon]

<—

Beginning at the upper left-hand corner, read this diagram to the right, following the arrows around to the beginning. Then obey the first word of the epitaph, and 'stop.' But observe the crushing emphasis with which the name of Francis Bacon is repeated. Observe, also, that the top line, taken either as text or anagram, joins on to the sense of the rest; so that the whole square may read either:

* Out, Shacsspeare! You stole b's Playys, by me,
Francis Bacon; Francis (William) Bacon (Shakspeare).

or

Stop Careless Youthe as You Pass by me,
Francis Bacon, etc.

I agree with Mr. Learned in thinking that the Careless Youthe had decidedly better stop. And then, enclosing all, we have the solemn summing up: 'So By Me.'

X. Nor is this all. The *SABEAR* of the cipher is here brought out plainly into 'Shacsspeare,' as if to dispel any lingering doubt. Furthermore, the author of the anagram here claims for Bacon not simply the authorship of the comedies (as in the cipher), but the authorship of the 'Playys,' as if to end all possible controversy. What more can one ask? But still another fund of meaning is now unlocked, in the separate lines of the epitaph text, just as they stand. The first one, 'Stop Careless Youthe as You Pass by,' would seem to refer to a phrase in 'All's Well that Ends Well' (II. 3) *viz.*: 'the careless lapse and ignorance of youth.' To 'lapse' is in one sense the same as to 'pass.' This allusion is striking, interwoven as it is with this verse, apparently written by the claimant of the plays and appealing to the youthful generations not to pass it by in ignorance. The second and third lines—enclosed or bracketed between the other two—seem to be addressed parenthetically to the shade of Shakspeare. 'As you are now (*deprived of the credit of authorship*) so once was I. As I am now (*found out in my true character as author of the Plays*), So you Must Be, (*found out in your character as an impostor*).' The last line, addressed to the world again, is: 'Oh then Prepare to Follow Me.' Follow whom? Why, naturally, Bacon; as we have hitherto followed Shakspeare.

Such are the results which Mr. Walter Learned and I reached, last night, after about three hours and a half of study upon this common old epitaph as submitted to the test of Bacon's *omnia per omnia* cipher and to the scrutiny induced by that cipher. I was amazed by the issue of our evening's talk. But I am still more amazed that Sir Francis Bacon, with all his brilliant ability, should be thought to be adequately represented by the clumsy attempt at a secret writing on the slab over Shakspeare's grave at Stratford. From that, Messrs. Black and Clark have extracted sundry vague syllables and stumps of words; when here, from an old New England epitaph, chosen at random, we gather the best cipher story ever offered, to prove Bacon's authorship of Shakspeare, accompanied by a marvellous symmetry and significance running all through the text itself.

The 'Stop Careless Youthe' is an old epitaph.* Can it date back to Bacon's time? And are we to conclude that Bacon—besides being the author of most of the literature belonging to the Elizabethan period (including his own Philosophical Works)—was also the ablest mortuary poet of his age, furnishing epitaphs for the people at large? We may likewise assume, in that case, that he composed both the 'Careless Youthe' and the 'Good Frend for Jesus sake forbear.' But the latter, with its imperfect cipher contents, must have been a hurried bit of work. There is another hypothesis. Bacon may have written the 'Good Frend' first, and sent it off hastily to the stone-cutter at Stratford. But, remembering that the spelling was unnecessarily bad and the cipher contents meagre, he found leisure to compose the complete and perfect 'Stop Careless Youthe,' which he also dispatched to the stone-cutter. The mechanic must

* Sir Francis B. Head, in his 'Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau' (London, Murray, 1834), alludes to these very lines as 'preaching from the most common tombstone of our country churchyard.'

have made a mistake and followed the wrong copy, when he chiselled the 'Good Friend' lines above Shakspeare's grave. Bacon, not daring to excite inquiry by removing that epitaph, after it was in place, and substituting the improved one, concluded to sow this one far and wide in numerous graveyards, as the only means left him of vindicating his claim. In the shipwreck of his fortunes, caused by his conviction as a corrupt judge, he may have felt like the sinking mariner who puts a history of himself into corked bottles which he sets adrift on the waves.

Bacon's best bottle, labelled 'Stop Careless Youthe,' drifted to New England; and now Mr. Learned and I have extracted its contents, which are eminently exhilarating. If Mr. E. Gordon Clark still purposes to bring out his 'Anagrammatic Biography of William Shakspeare, by Francis Bacon,' derived from the Stratford epitaph, we would suggest to him that there is a much better chance to produce 'The Entire Secret History of Francis Bacon and William Shakspeare, as Gathered from the Old Tombstones of New England Graveyards.' And Mr. Learned and I will be happy to lend him all the aid in our power.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

The Author of "John Halifax."

THAT Dinah Maria Muloch Craik has been known for thirty years as 'the author of "John Halifax"' does not imply that she was a woman of one book, or even of only one book that was popular. After her first great effort, she gave us in swift succession novels, stories, verses and essays, full of sense and strength and often of great charm. The title by which she liked best to be known—that of 'the author of "John Halifax"'—has clung to her rather from the affection with which the reading world cherishes the recollection of a work that gave immediate, deep and abiding pleasure. To recall with any exactness the impression made by the book on its first appearance thirty years ago would be difficult for any one; to some of us it is impossible, if only for the reason that at that early stage of our own career we had not yet begun to read novels. But the tradition is in the air of one of those 'sensations' in the literary world which are caused occasionally by something fine, as well as by literature of the Rider Haggard type. We are sure we remember it as something not so great as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' or so brilliant as 'Jane Eyre,' or so keen as 'Adam Bede,' and yet as something finer and more impressive than 'The Lamp-lighter' or 'The Wide, Wide World.' Perhaps nothing would better express the kind of remembrance in which it is held, than to say that we think of it affectionately. Whoever had once read it, it is safe to say, felt a little pang of personal pain on hearing that 'the author of John Halifax' was dead.

A strong desire seizes us to read the book again, to try to discover once more the great charm it held at one time for so large a world of readers. And yet we hesitate. What book is great enough to stand the test of thirty years? The strong impression is pretty sure to be weakened, and we don't want it to be weakened. Let us remember it always as we do now; vaguely, but tenderly; for 'the author of "John Halifax"' is dead. And yet curiosity overmasters tenderness. With irresistible impulse we seek out the little dusty old-fashioned volume, and turn its pages reverently but curiously. Yes, it suffers necessarily a little from the lapse of time: it is not quite realistic enough to satisfy us now; the excellent John has too few faults, the admirable Ursula seems, alas! a little of a prig; the disputed governess, Miss Silver, does not live or move or have any being at all, certainly she fails to charm; and one need only compare the brothers' quarrel with that described by Mrs. Oliphant and now raging in the pages of *The Atlantic*, to feel that the more modern style, in becoming more realistic, has only gained in strength and flavor, and is actually less tame than the more imaginative efforts of thirty years ago. There is a *falsetto* tone in the book, of sentiment not exactly morbid,

and yet to the more modern taste not exactly healthful. But still it remains what ladies call 'a beautiful story.' It is strong, pathetic, and interesting; we are not ashamed of having liked it so much once. It does not fascinate us now; it certainly does not thrill us in the least; but it is something to be grateful for, that so fine a book should be able to make upon the reading world the immediate impression that this one did. To many of us, a story of Mrs. Craik's that came later, called 'A Life for a Life,' was far better than the first novel. That, too, dealt with strained situations and sentiment that barely escaped seeming morbid, but it was as strong as it was touching. The graceful verse, including the fine poem 'Philip, my King,' addressed to Philip Bourke Marston when a child,—the many stories, more especially the one of 'King Arthur,'—the vigorous essays,—and the descriptive sketch, just published, of a trip in the North of Ireland,—all these have pleased and perhaps improved us; but it is not of these we think when we remember the noble writer who never penned a line for effect, or wrote a careless word to be repented, or traded upon her fame for money, or lowered her reputation by foolishness. The thought in our minds is that 'the author of "John Halifax" is dead.'

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

Reviews.

Linton's "Love-Lore."*

THERE were giants in those days—in those days when Victoria was in her early royalty and wifehood, and before her bards had learned 'to store and hoard' their gift. Men like Landor and Hunt were alive—survivors, with Wordsworth, from the time of Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. They had the easy mastery, the careless affluence of the Georgian singers. Once a poet, always a poet, was the habit of their generation; youth and age were one with them—their autumnal songs were as hale, zestful, vigorous, as those of Spring. The 'Last Fruit' off their 'Old Trees' was the best in market. And when they chose to practise art for art's sake, the resulting verse displayed the freedom, the naturalness, of their more impulsive poetry, while taking on a grace and beauty not excelled by the finical makers of our rondeaux and villanelles. As artists, they ceased not to be poets of lyrical feeling, and their models were from England and the Elizabethan song-brood, and not from France and its minstrelsy old or new.

There was a good deal of caprice, no doubt—certainly a lordly disdain—in the lives and opinions of some of them, and in their Sibylline manner of casting leaves of song or prophecy to the windy world. How fond Landor was, year after year, of uttering his Idyls, Conversations, political or philosophical diatribes, and all the by-play of a many-sided prodigal genius! From one press and another, in careless or careful form, never looking behind him but going on with vivacious individuality—a youthful poet and agitator—to his ninetieth year. Hengist Horne was of a similar pattern, *mutatis mutandis*, and of like-disposed ways. His great dramas, his lyrics by turns exquisite or rugged, came out in a mode that, after all, well became their quality. Fortunate the collector who has gathered a dozen of Horne's plays and booklets, from the farthing 'Orion' to 'Laura Dibalzo.' Thrice-enriched if, like the present writer, he has copies made unique by the septuagenarian's autographic notes and presented with his sturdy signature.

Equally fortunate will he soon be accounted who has a collection of our poet and designer William Linton's various and still more characteristic *libelli*. 'Our' Linton, because he is a citizen of two worlds: in his youth and middle-age enacting, in his native Britain, more roles than either Landor or Horne—a democrat, Chartist, Irish leaguer, pamphleteer, always a poet and artist; but, afterwards

* Love-Lore. By W. J. Linton. (Fifty Copies.) New Haven, Conn.: Appledore Private Press.

choosing a home in America, he has long been active in the art and literature of a land whose youth is well suited to him. Of his old comrades—Landor, Horne, Mazzini, Rossetti, etc.—many have passed away. Bell Scott survives in England, and Linton here—with his artistic faculties no whit impaired, and doubtless as hearty a radical as ever. A master of the brush and burin, but as the years go by, one surmises him to be a poet above all. For his verse maintains its vigor and impulse, and gains in artistic perfection. His recent collections have a peculiar value for the book-lover. Not only are they charily limited to a few 'copies' of each, issued with dainty attention to the time-tested rules of good printing, and usually with beauty added by the original designs of Linton the artist; but in the spirit of the early handicraftsmen, he has set up his own press, and has gone beyond Ruskin—being his own compositor and pressman. Whether he makes his paper and binds his books is matter for conjecture. A Connecticut deacon under the shadow of East Rock said of an uxorious brother who was accused of kissing his wife before sundown on the Sabbath, 'We may not condemn him, except out of the mouth of two witnesses; but it is an offence unto which he hath a sore disposition.'

The 'Appledore Private Press, U. S. A.' became notable through Mr. Linton's elegant volume of 'Poems not in the Collections.' The two hundred and twenty-five of those 'Golden Apples of Hesperus' are now treasured in the cabinets of bibliophiles. Since their issue the poet has given a few near friends copies of his little monograph of variations upon Catullus 'In Dispraise of a Woman.' A volume just produced, the subject of this notice, is a charming witness of his abiding poetic faculty. 'Love-Lore' is a book of poetry pure and simple. Here are just a hundred brief, tuneful lyrics of the passion that young hearts feel, but which it is given to few young hands thus to glorify; since in art 'the hand of little employment hath' not 'the daintier sense.' The spirit of these verses is that of the tender and gallant love-minstrelsy of England's Helicon—that which flowed through the successive measures of Wyatt, Sidney, Jonson, William Browne, Herrick, and Thomas Lodge. They form such a rosary as Slender had in mind when he sighed, 'I had rather than forty shillings that I had my booke of songs and sonnets here!' There is no trace of languor or regret to show that this is not the poet's vernal, rather than his autumnal, equinox; nothing from which to suspect it, unless it be some delicate conceit like this, moulded with the seeming touch of Landor:

LOVE AND YOUTH.

Two winged-genii in the air
I greeted as they pass'd me by:
The one a bow and quiver bare,
The other shouted joyously.
Both I besought to stay their speed,
But never Love nor Youth had heed
Of my wild cry.

As swift and careless as the wind,
Youth fled, nor even once look'd back;
A moment Love was left behind,
But follow'd soon his fellow's track.
Yet loitering at my heart he bent
His bow, then smiled with changed intent:
The string was slack.

Here is another of the many lyrics so refined and—what is rare with this class of poems—so full of point that each is worth reprinting:

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

They called her fair. I do not know:
I never thought to look.
Who heeds the binder's costliest show
When he may read the book?

What need a list of parts to me
When I possess the whole?
Who only watch her eyes to see
The colour of her soul.

I may not praise her mouth, her chin,
Her feet, her hands, her arms:
My love lacks leisure to begin
The schedule of her charms.

To praise is only to compare:
And therefore Love is blind.
I loved before I was aware
Her beauty was of kind.

* Many facets of the rose-diamond of human passions sparkle in this choice little book. The lover's devotion, fear, scorn, pity, and hope—each has its lyric. Among the most ideal are 'Amaryllis,' 'To Pansies,' 'The Counterfeit,' 'Camomile,' 'In Her Ear,' 'Lais,' 'The Singer's Apology,' and the pretty bit of *vers de société*, 'Her Rivals.' Collectors, and patrons of the 'Appledore Private Press' will be pleased to know that there are fifty copies printed, and will remember that the poet-publisher's address is New Haven, Conn.

Prof. Tyler's "Patrick Henry."*

WHAT Prof. Tyler has brought together between the covers of this book will be a revelation to most readers, even though they be tolerably familiar with American history. Unfortunately for his own fame, the Virginia orator rarely kept a diary, wrote out his own speeches, or gave much account of himself in script. The consequence has been, that for a century his fame and character have been at the mercy of political enemies, gossiping colored folks, baseless tradition, and the memory of men in their senility. So much is this the case, that one of the strongest chapters in Prof. Tyler's book concerns itself with the question, Was he illiterate? The excellent critical powers of the author here show at their best, as he proves conclusively that Henry, though not a man of erudition, was a reader of the best books, fit though few. Though far from literary, he was literate in the sense of having an uncommon grasp and mastery of language. It is also shown that the testimony of Patrick Henry's fee-books, when a lawyer, disposes of the loose tradition that he was shiftless and lazy. It discloses beyond cavil a rather remarkable industry, which occults even that of Jefferson under the same circumstances. In graphic style, and by one to whom the past is familiar through long and detailed study, the subject and his environment are pictured, and we see Patrick Henry at Williamsburg, in Philadelphia, in the Virginia towns, and in old age on his estate at Red Hill, a real figure of flesh and blood. We account it the especial charm of this biography, that its hero becomes so real to us. This is not, however, to say that the stirring events in which Henry took part are neglected, or that his acts of statesmanship are slurred. These are detailed with fullness, vividness and accuracy. We have his record, luminously developed, as a member of the First Continental Congress, leader in the Revolution, Governor of Virginia three times, opponent in all sincerity of the Constitution of the United States, and as a hearty and earnest Christian believer. Patrick Henry has found at this late day an adequate biographer. It is almost a pity that this admirable series did not provide for portraits of its statesmen-subjects. Index and proper furnishings apart from the text are all of first-class execution.

Dr. Holmes's "Hundred Days in Europe."†

ONE can hardly imagine Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes a descendant of those 'sad' Englishmen whom Montaigne describes as taking their pleasures *tristement*. The sparkling Gaul mingles with a touch of the sentimental Italian in his intellectual make-up, trans'used with a glow from the Summer Isles as quaint as that which Capt. John Smith took with him from the Western Continent. Now that he has turned traveller, what new wealth of amiable wit and delightful observation are we to expect from his pen, which is

* Patrick Henry. By Moses Colt Tyler. (American Statesmen Series). \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† Our Hundred Days in Europe. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

a quill from the wing of Mercury pointed with the penknife of Momus! We have listened to the charming and tender poet, the laureate of forty anniversaries; the romancer spinning feathery psychologies out of the brains of overlaid New England maidens; the Autocrat brimming with talk—and tea—at the breakfast-table; even the scientific essayist lecturing ingeniously on anatomy and physiology. We had never anticipated the pleasure of following him month after month in *The Atlantic*, in a (in two senses) transatlantic tour, 'homing the pigeon' to us in this periodical manner, each bird with a fascinating budget about its neck full of news from an Old World never 'old' to some of us. This rare pleasure was still in store, made permanent now by the collection of the *Atlantic* papers into a beautiful volume fresh from the Riverside Press. The author visited England fifty years ago, and the parallelisms which he draws between that England and this are most instructive. Apart from this, his boyish delight in the verdure, the hedge-rows, the country-roads, the old castles, the thronging associations of the land, infects the reader and makes him long again to see Albion in the flesh. And then the Oxford, and Cambridge, and Edinburgh, and London receptions, the balls and dinner-parties encircled with coronets and resplendent with liveries, the breakfasts and luncheons with Tennyson and Browning and Gladstone! All this, with the honors shown to our honored countryman, makes the book a vivid leaf from a brilliant autobiography, rather than a book of travels. It is the triumphant flash of sunlit dust as the chariot dashes round the mark and starts in on the 'home run'—still winged, light-wheeled, flying-footed, though touched with the dust of envious years. The charioteer is one of those sparkling creatures that cannot grow old: he only grows mellow. A flit to England, a flight to France become more in his hands than in anybody else's.

Two Books of Song.*

'IN THE realms of gold' (1). This phrase of Keats is in itself a passport to admit us into the old, sunny Arcadian region, peopled by fine-eared fauns and shaggy-vested satyrs, where one stumbles upon Pan himself dreaming by the brookside, or Narcissus bending to the pool, or haply is brushed by the flying Daphne as she eludes Apollo. A warm golden atmosphere surrounds these poems. There is to be found in them little of that subtle suggestiveness which allies poetry to the art of the musician; this poet is a word-painter, and to turn the leaves of his book is like passing through a gallery, filled with figures and groups rich in color and beautiful in form, with the flash of ivory flesh and the soft gloom of purple robes. None of these cabinet pictures is fairer than that of the Sicilian girl with her azure zone, and hair blown by the sea-wind, awaiting the galley of the lover who

Homeward brings the costly dyes
The Romans love, and nard, and myrrh,
And unguents which the Emperor buys,
And silks, and spice, and fruits which were
Sun-steeped on far Phœnician hills;
But not of these she recked; love fills
Alone the happy heart of her.

'Tacita' has a strange charm in its monotone; and the sonnet called 'The Traveler' is also an exception to the author's rule of depiction rather than suggestion:

Ah, tell me, when we slumber, whither goes,
And whence at waking comes, the silent guest
Whose face no man hath seen, whom no man knows,
The dim familiar of each human breast?

Of the passages descriptive of nature, perhaps the best is this simple touch in 'Dawn':

The hill-tops flush—the night is done;
A sudden bird-note, sweet and strong,
Rings out, till lo! beneath the sun
The world is drenched with song.

* 1. *In Realms of Gold*. By James B. Kenyon. \$2. New York: Cassell & Co.
2. *My Ladies' Sonnets*. By Richard Le Gallienne. 4s. 6d. W. & J. Arnold.
Liverpool.

Somehow the wonder and glory of the sunrise seem to us reflected in this clear stanza as in a single globe of dew.

There floats to us across the sea a tiny book (2) for which the author, in a winning little prelude, 'Ad Lectorem,' justly claims the charm of a dainty dress. 'Should you fail to find,' he says,

The poet and his verses to your mind,
The printer and his types at least may please,
And 'sweetly interpose a little ease.'

So far, so good. But 'My Ladies' Sonnets' are indeed, as announced on the title-page, most 'vain and amatorious' verses. The ladies be-rhymed in these 'captured fancies of a year' are legion: Florimel, Maud, Phyllis, Edith, and a mysterious —; and each captured fancy, like a perforated butterfly, is assigned by label with an accuracy of memory on the whole surprising. These hoarded roses of flirtation, to shift the metaphor to another equally favored by the writer, seem to us rather unpleasant 'decayed vegetables,' as Thackeray called the relic more honestly treasured by poor Harry Warrington. One might forgive much for the sake of a pervading archness of spirit; but, alas! though the rhymers' feeling is utterly without genuineness, and at times he exposes a cheap cynicism, he is for the most part hollowly sentimental. His tact may be gauged by the address 'to a consumptive girl' of some line entitled 'The Fairest Flower is the Canker's Bride.' 'Keep' is rhymed with 'speak,' and we are called upon to imagine 'a garish patch of gray.'

Easy has it ever seemed to me,
To pen a sonnet to my lady's look,

he declares; perhaps one reason for this facility is that, in process of penning, he has a way of introducing new rhymes in the second quatrain. Any transgression of this kind is, however, preferable to the exhibition of his agony in wrestling with the correct form:

We would give tongue
To our deep thought, and the world's great among
By this symbolic laurel thee proclaim.

We must not omit to mention some rather pretty verses about old illuminated missals, in an otherwise feeble 'Ballad of Bindings.'

Scottish Preachers.*

THE well-known metropolitan preacher, long pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle of this city, has twice filled the Lyman Beecher Lectureship at Yale Theological Seminary. Since settling on this side of the Atlantic in 1872, he has given himself largely to the production of biography, having re-framed the old portraits and told once more the story of Daniel, David, Joseph, Peter, Moses, Paul, and Elijah. This he has done by means of sermon courses, afterwards collected and printed. In his second series of lectures at New Haven, he turns to his native heather for modern instances of heroes of faith and masters in homiletics. His opening chapter, 'Introductory and Historical,' is a concise, vivid and luminous view of church life in Scotland from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century, and the characteristics of the Scotchman as a speaker and hearer of sermons. John Knox, of course, gets a whole chapter; while Melville, Rutherford, Dickson and Livingstone are treated together. Chapter IV., which pictures 'Archbishop Leighton and the Field Preachers,' is perhaps, on the whole, the most interesting, and the best from a literary point of view, in the book. 'He [Leighton] is the one Scottish preacher of that time whose discourses can be read not only without difficulty, but even with enjoyment, by the modern student.' Until Leighton's time the uncouth dialect of the Scottish pulpit orators was a decoction of Latin, English and Scotch, the languages, respectively, of the university press and conversation. Hence, to read old Scotch, one must now use a glossary. Other lectures are on 'The Moderates and the

* *The Scottish Pulpit, from the Reformation to the Present Day*. By Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros.

Evangelicals,' Thomas Chalmers,' and 'The Pulpits of the Dissenting Churches.' Dr. Taylor concludes by advising students, when fledged, to *be* themselves, but not to *preach* themselves. The book has, what every book worth a second examination ought to have, an index. Barring the occasional exhibition of national conceit, and the usual tendency of a Scotchman to be very certain about everything he thinks he knows, the book as a whole is stimulating and wholesome.

"Court Life in Egypt."*

THIS is an 'up-stairs' book. Crowded though the library of books on Egypt may be, room on the shelves must be made for this one. It is written by an English gentleman who has made his mark, as a scholar and acute observer, by the publication of 'The Ancient Coptic Churches in Egypt.' A Fellow of Oxford, he was in January, 1886, summoned by telegram to Egypt, to become the tutor of the two sons of the Khedive. It was during his leisure hours in the sunny Nile-land that he secured the materials for his book on the Coptic churches. His place in the regal household gave him an inside view of life at court, and among the higher classes, and he has much to tell of persons and personages, manners and customs, thoughts and sayings, which the ordinary book on Egypt either ignores or gives from uncertain hearsay. One does not get a very high idea of the modern taskmasters who still rule in the old house of bondage, for the Oxford graduate does not hesitate to drag out the family skeletons from the Khedival closets. He has little sympathy with what he saw, and some of his criticisms are provokingly severe, however much they may be true, as they doubtless are. Indeed, many of the author's statements, owing to his fine literary art of putting things, are self-evident. His account of the average ablation of the Egyptian gentleman, showing how he prepares to wash by swathing his body in water-proof coverings, and dabbling a few spoonfuls of water over his neck and face, is comical and sarcastic. He makes fun of the nondescript uniform of black coat and fez which the Egyptians fondly believe is a fair compromise between oriental and occidental costume. Full of delightful incidents, and written in fascinating style, the book is made further attractive by eight fine illustrations quite out of the ordinary tourist's collection. There is unfortunately no index, but otherwise the book is a delight to the lover of a well-dressed, companionable and winsome literary friend.

"Half-Hours with American History."†

THESE two handsomely printed volumes bring American history to the arm-chair, and divide a great subject into such time, times, or half a time, as a busy reader is able to give. Instead of one book on many subjects, we get the essence of many books on one great theme. It is a novel experience to read again the fascinating story in the varied styles of many writers. A richness of hue and color, a wealth of tone and tint, as from a cathedral window, falls upon the old field which has ever fresh interest for the true lover of his country. Much time has been spent, and considerable critical and literary judgment lavished, upon the task by the compiler. No reading club, coterie of school graduates, or busy person asking 'What can I read in spare moments most profitably?' has now any excuse for idle hours. To examine American history as Mr. Morris has presented it, will be in itself a good education; for we can hardly imagine one so stolid or sluggish in mind as not to want to enter more fully the inviting avenues into which he opens so many wicket-gates. It is no 'prentice hand that the compiler has set to work. Having first attained skill by preparing 'Half-Hours with the best American Authors' and a 'Manual of Classical Literature,' he has given us his best in this work. Vol. I. is concerned

with 'Colonial America,' and Vol. II. with 'Independent America,' each being properly divided into sections and eras, and furnished at the end with an index. Excellent as a compiler, Mr. Morris hardly reaches excellence as an original historian; and of the last chapter, which is a review of recent history, it is enough to say that neither in impartial temper, nor literary skill, does it come up to the average of the book.

"The Boy Travellers on the Congo."*

IN GENERAL, it may be said of the products of Col. Knox's book-making establishment, that they are good. With the resources of electrotypes at his command, with his facility of composition gained by a life-long use of the pen, with a fund of humor and anecdote natural to one of the best table-talkers and diners-out in the metropolis, with an experience as a traveller in all countries, one can assure the boys before hand that a treat awaits them. Clean and morally wholesome, readable and full of fun and talk, spiced with adventure, his last book, on Africa, will take its place on the favorite shelf with the others of the Boy Travellers Series. In this case Col. Knox is a substitute for Stanley. The explorer was asked to put his adventures in a form for Young America to read, but being too busy, made a requisition on his old friend to do the work for him. While Stanley returned to the Dark Continent to take up the sword, Knox staid at home and took up the pen. The result is, that any intelligent boy can easily and agreeably learn the story of the most wonderful triumph of modern exploration. The twenty-one chapters, with their hundreds of pictures, detail in full Stanley's achievements, and the founding of the Congo Free State. In the inside covers of the book are two superb maps of Africa, corrected to the latest date. We confidently predict that a hopeful crop of explorers, merchants, missionaries and teachers to help in the civilization of Africa will be among the results of the publication of this charming book.

Minor Notices of Theological Works.

AN ATTRACTIVE souvenir of church life in New York is the Historical Sketch of the South Church (Reformed) of New York City. This Church is one of the lineal descendants of that first organized inside the Fort or Battery in 1627, and perhaps the oldest regularly incorporated ecclesiastical body of the Protestant form of the Christian faith in the United States. The congregation of the South Church was one of the three swarms that left the old hive to deposit sweetness and light elsewhere. Very appropriately to our metaphor, the spot chosen was Garden Street. This once quiet, semi-rural street is now called Exchange Place, and the tables of the money-changers occupy the place once filled with pulpit and pews. After two edifices on Garden Street, and one on Murray Street, the present building at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, was occupied. Since the separation of the South Church from the Collegiate system, seventy-five years ago, each of the five scholarly pastors has been prominent in the social and religious life of the metropolis. The book now issued is a fine specimen of printing from *The Art Age* press, and contains a sketch of the Church's history, lists of officers, with eleven beautiful illustrations and portraits, with the seal of the Church and denomination. The latter, in its historic associations, carries us back to the son of Charlemagne, through the Princes of Orange and the great William the Silent. In fact, so interesting is it as a symbol, that we could fain wish that the lions on the lower right quarter of the shield were correct in attitude, and that the impertinent stars on the horse-posts at the side—both features added by some enterprising American—were sharply printed from a new electrotpe. Further, we are scandalized to find a Church whose records go back to Michaelius and Kieft allowing the titles of its worthy pastors to be spelled Dominie. We can safely wager a dollar—the price of the book—that all the Dutch records write it Domine. Apart from these Yankee and Scotch flies in the Dutch ointment, the associations of the book are very fragrant. Now that the General Synod of the Reformed [Dutch] Church in America, in their late session at the good old Dutch town of Catskill, have decided not to be digested in the Presbyterian stomach, the old Church ought to restore

* Court Life in Egypt. By A. J. Butler. \$4.50. New York: Scribner & Welford.

† Half Hours with American History. By Charles Morris. 4 vols. \$3. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

* The Boy Travellers on the Congo. By Col. Thomas W. Knox. \$3. New York: Harper & Bros.

the crowing cock to her spire. But, alas! only one of the three Reformed churches adorning Fifth Avenue keeps aloft this venerable and historic symbol. In all other respects, we doubt not, the South Reformed Church cherishes the good things of the past; and many old friends and New Yorkers will be glad to hear that copies of this little book can be obtained of A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

PREACHING TO CHILDREN may be reckoned among the finest of the fine arts. Rev. Wm. Armstrong, of Canton, Pa., is of this opinion, as shown in the Preface to his 200-page volume of 'Five-minute Sermons to Children.' (Phillips & Hunt.) As is proper for the true Methodist, he gives his experience in learning the mastery of the art, and his introduction will be worth much more than the price of the book to his brethren of the pulpit who wish to imitate his example. His English unfortunately is not classic, as when he says, with more frankness than elegance, 'I made blundering work of it for a year, but improved some.' The gist of 100 sermonettes is given, and both the titles and the substance of his talks are attractive. Like a wise teacher who correlates his own experience with the Bible principles and narratives, the author draws largely and discreetly from the memories of his own boyhood. 'Snakebites,' 'Railroad Lamps,' 'Keeping House in the Heart,' 'Soap-bubbles,' 'God's Family of Animals,' 'King Bramble,' and 'Comets,' are among the lively and suggestive titles, showing that the ancient texts may be translated into the language of our century and decade without violence. There is no baby-talk, little or no cant, and the sentences snap and crackle with illustration, question, hint and suggestion. Such sermons, like postage-stamps, carry their own adhesive power, and will stick in the children's memories. The volume is cheap, but the contents are rich. It is the best book of outlines of sermons to children we have seen.

BISHOP HURST, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has compiled a 'Short History of the Mediæval Church' for the Chautauqua students. (New York: Phillips & Hunt.) The thirty-two brief chapters are divided into brief paragraphs, condensed from many authorities, and set forth in pleasant style. A map, some familiar illustrations, a good index, and neat binding, make this a very serviceable manual. It covers a period of church history not too much written upon, and the author seems to be versed in the latest and best authorities. 'A MANUAL of the Book of Common Prayer' shows the history and contents of the greatest of all treasuries of English devotional literature. The author, Rev. Charles Hole, is the Lecturer on Ecclesiastical History at King's College, London, and his handy manual, published here by Thomas Whittaker, will be welcomed by all those who cannot consult or afford to have the large folio annotated edition of the Book of Common Prayer. Others besides those styled 'churchmen' will enjoy Mr. Hole's manual, for he is very impartial in temper, and orderly in method. Dividing his work into thirty-nine chapters, he illuminates all that relates to or belongs in that Prayer-Book, to which Christians of many names have contributed. Like the Old Testament, it was formed at 'sundry times and in divers manners,' and all English-speaking Christians have an inheritance in it. A Glossary, Examination Questions and Index add to the working value of this standard book, the latest and the best on the subject of which it treats.

THE LATE Lord Bishop of Ely, the Rev. James Russell Woodford, D.D., who died in October, 1885, was a lover of 'definite dogmatic preaching,' and towards the end of his ministry found himself opposing a strong current of popular opinion. Two very well printed volumes, containing thirty-four sermons selected from the Bishop's manuscripts, have been republished in this country by Mr. Whittaker. They are edited by his examining chaplain, the Rev. Herbert Mortimer Luckock, D.D., himself a voluminous author. In the Preface, Dr. Luckock seems to believe and intimate what so many preachers not fully in sympathy with our age and time affirm rather vehemently, that the congregations no longer enjoy doctrinal preaching. The writer of this review believes, on the contrary, that Christian people hungering for truth are as eager to hear 'definite' statements of it as ever their fathers were. The trouble is, they believe that the old blocks, shaped by logic centuries ago with amazing refinement and sharpness, are now blurred, rounded into shapelessness or pulverized by the glaciers of the new knowledges that have moved over them. They think the theology of the Reformation needs a new reformer; that of the Church before the Reformation being, in the language of her infallible head on earth, 'irreformable.' One has but to read the exquisite English of Bishop Woodford's sermons to discover how far his spirit is from the temper of our times. The text of the thirteenth sermon, in the first volume, 'The Probation of Man Limited to this Life,' is taken from Ecclesiastes—the last book in the Bible from which a theo-

logian honest according to our media of vision could, or should, select proof for a Christian dogma. Nor is there a hint in the sermon as to whether or not the whole question of 'probation' is a Biblical or a pagan idea, whether suggested by Jesus, Paul, or Plato. Apart from this criticism, we commend the readable volumes for the beauty and clearness of their language, their reverent temper, and their sincere earnestness. Print, paper and binding are of the best, and the volumes are light and handy.

AT LAST we have a hand-book of textual criticism which one who has never seen the inside of a college can use with enjoyment. The Rev. B. B. Warfield's 'Textual Criticism of the New Testament' (Whittaker) treats the subject so fully yet so plainly, that the mysteries of the science disappear—though the difficulties do not. We pay the young Professor—just called from Allegheny to Princeton—our best compliment, when we say that he has written the subject out so plainly, that we, a novice, feel that we could have done it ourself. Dr. Bethune used to say that the test of greatness in a sermon was this, that the little child hearing it could go home thinking he could have preached it himself. Dr. Warfield shows us that we are unconsciously engaged in criticism of texts whenever we read a letter, a manuscript, or even a printed book. He shows us that we apply tests from internal and external evidence. We are thus encouraged to understand that criticism, even of the texts of the New Testament, is not alone for the Tischendorf, Alford, Abbots or Gregories, but that each one of us can obtain the material for a very intelligent opinion about certain readings in the canon. After a comforting and encouraging introduction, we have chapters on the Matter, the Methods, and the Praxis of Criticism, with a most informing and luminous 'History of Criticism.' In clear language, without wasteful verbiage of any sort, and the minimum of technical terms, he has given us a bird's-eye view of one of the most fascinating fields of study in the whole range of literary science. To our own thinking, this modest little monograph gives brilliant augury of the work yet to be done by the young Professor of Theology at Princeton, who has not yet passed the thirty-seventh milestone of life. We take the liberty to add that the little blue book is one of several signs lately visible that Princeton's 'type' of theology is in no danger of becoming provincial.

THE BEST sermon in the volume of the Rev. Dr. George Leeds, late rector of Grace Church, Baltimore, is his portrait. (Dutton.) After studying it, one can willingly believe what the Rev. Dr. T. F. Davies writes in the biographical sketch which forms the preface. Dr. Leeds served his Master and His flock in Salem, Mass., Philadelphia, and Baltimore. He was a Bostonian by birth, and a student in Harvard and Amherst Colleges, and his life ended at very near the period of threescore years and ten. The twenty-three sermons selected for publication are simple and clear, besides being redolent of that force in living discourse which we call 'unction,' for want of a better word. The evidences of rich culture are in every sermon, as it is the evident desire to make the preaching respond quickly to the longings of the soul. The sermon on 'Unquestioning Obedience' is, in our view, the gem of the collection.

IN A little brochure called 'The Jewish Altar: An Inquiry into the Spirit and Intent of the Expiatory Offerings of the Mosaic Ritual, with Special reference to their Typical Character' (Funk & Wagnalls), the late Rev. John Leighton, D.D., criticises the views of Fairbairn, who has been for a generation the orthodox authority on the subject. No other portion of sacred learning seems to have such fascination for revivalists and a certain kind of ministers, than the matter of the typology of the Jewish altar service and ritual. Dr. Leighton, who studied the subject for fifty years, died just before his little book was put to press, and the work is therefore posthumous. He considers the events in Old Testament History and the Jewish altar ceremonies as analogies simply, and not predictions—as parallelisms, and not prophecies. Designing to rout both the motley hosts of Socinians, Arians, and humanitarians, he also seeks to demolish Fairbairn, and certainly does spoil many barrels of sermons venerably yellow with age, while he compels exhorters to re-study their favorite 'types' with the applications usually made, whether original or extracted from commentaries. —THE SUBJECT of Heaven and its joys, the recognition of friends hereafter in the place of happiness, and all that belongs to the happy world to come, is always a popular one. The preacher who fails on most other themes can usually find an attentive and sympathetic audience when this one is attempted. Hence, we doubt not that the little book of the Rev. Archibald McCullough, D.D., of Brooklyn, entitled 'Beyond the Stars; or, Human Life in Heaven,' will be read and enjoyed by many. The ten sermons are tender, chaste, scriptural and comforting. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

The God of the Gate.

SILENT, while beneath his arch
Still the long processions march,
With his gaze forevermore
On the after and before,
Janus in serene estate
Keepeth watch above the gate.

On his face the morning falls
Golden-red from Eastern walls;
Evening's solemn splendor dies
Last of all in his clear eyes.
His the vision wherein blend
The beginning and the end.

Long has been the trodden way
Since the breaking of the day;
Many and many a year will run
Ere the final task be done.
Past and Future at his feet
Like two mighty spirits meet.

Through the archway Cæsar rolled;
Wheels and Emperor now are mould,
Armies fallen into dust,
Shouts to silence, swords to rust,
While the God of soon and late
Watches still above the gate.

Realms of silence deep and vast
Are the Future and the Past;
And the God that dwells between,
Seeing what is yet unseen,
Keeps their secret; 't is his task;
Mine to wait and not to ask.

Quickly will the written scroll
In the hands of Time unroll;
Soon enough shall I behold
What is new become the old.
Hopeful, reverent, I bow
At the Gate of Here and Now.

Father Janus, if thou may,
Let a blessing crown my way.
On from what was dear to me
Into days that are to be,
Knowing not the gift of fate,
Once again I pass thy gate.

SAMUEL V. COLE.

The Lounger

CHARLES DICKENS, the younger, who made his first appearance before an American audience at Chickering Hall on Tuesday night, labored under two disadvantages. In the first place, he had to stand comparison with his illustrious father; and in the second, with that famous American humorist, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. Mr. Depew introduced Mr. Dickens in a neat and appropriate speech, which put his audience in a good humor, and whetted its appetite for something particularly rich in the way of amusement. But this did not come. Mr. Dickens is not a good reader; neither was his father, in the conventional acceptance of that term; but there was a peculiar charm about the elder Dickens's performance which no pen can describe, although that of Miss Kate Field came very near doing it. Young Dickens bears a strong resemblance to his father; but he does nothing to make the likeness more striking, which is to his credit. He wears a smooth face, save for an upturning moustache; and whatever of his parent's twinkle may lurk in his eyes is hidden by a pair of spectacles.

I LEARNED from Mr. Metcalf, editor of *The Forum*, last Tuesday afternoon, that the last literary work on which Mrs. Craik was engaged was an article for that magazine. By a pathetic coincidence it was a paper entitled 'Nearing the End,' giving the writer's views on the subject of old age, and telling how the gradual departure of youth and strength and the inevitable approach of death should be regarded. Mr. Metcalf does not know whether it was finished when the pen fell from the author's hand, but even if incomplete it will be published, unless its condition should prove to

be too fragmentary. Mrs. Craik, though a prolific writer, was slow and painstaking in her habit of composition.

THERE is a photograph of Robert Louis Stevenson—a copy of which I am fortunate enough to own—representing him seated at a desk, busily engaged in writing a letter. The picture was taken by an amateur who happened to have his instrument with him, and the scene is a corner of Mr. Stevenson's room at Skerryvore, Bournemouth. I saw one of these photographs at Mr. Will Low's studio one day, and I think he said that he was staying at Mr. Stevenson's house when the picture was taken. 'Is he writing "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?"' I asked. 'No,' was the reply; 'he is in the act of writing to Mr. T. Niles, with whom he had a voluminous correspondence.' Mr. Niles, I may explain, is Roberts Bros., the well-known Boston publishing-house that was among the first to publish Mr. Stevenson's books in this country.

IT IS PLEASANT to read that the widow of 'Barry Cornwall,' Mrs. Bryan Waller Procter, now in her eighty-seventh year, is as light of heart as she is of foot. She makes nothing of running up three flights of stairs after spending an evening at the theatre or a reception, and she can drink coffee late at night with greater impunity than most of us can drink it in the morning. Dr. Holmes is supposed to have described her in a well-meaning but not altogether flattering paragraph in his 'Hundred Days in Europe,' *apropos* of which Mrs. Robert P. Porter tells in the *Philadelphia Press* the following anecdote:

With fire in her eye, the grand old lady, when she had finished the article, drove at once to the residence of our Minister to the Court of St. James. It happened to be Mrs. Phelps' day for receiving, but that lady had scarcely time to greet her visitor before the latter exclaimed: 'Well, Madame, and what do you think of your Wendell Holmes now? He to put me down as a tough old macaw! The impudence of it! Pray do you have no old ladies in your country, that he makes such a to-do over one!' 'Oh, yes,' said Mrs. Phelps, naturally taken aback at this sudden onslaught; 'we have a good many.' 'And what do they do, please, that they are never heard of?' demanded the octogenarian Londoness, with some asperity. 'Why, they generally stay at home and look after the cooking' (!) was the dreadful rejoinder. And no one knows to this day whether Mrs. Phelps meant to be dreadful or only literal.

'MR. P. G. HAMERTON'S new book "A Voyage on the Saône" may be expected this autumn,' I learn from H. N. P. 'The material for this work was gathered during two voyages made more than a year ago, in which a good deal of time was spent on the Saône, which is navigable for 235 miles, and which Mr. Hamerton describes as a charming river for boating, as its current is slow, while its scenery is always either very beautiful or else very characteristic in ways that are impressive. The first voyage was made in company with our American artist, Mr. Pennell, in a canal-boat, eighty-seven feet in length, which was temporarily fitted up as a house-boat. The voyagers ascended the river from Chalon to the highest point where it is navigable, and then returned. The second voyage was made in Mr. Hamerton's own sailing-boat with his eldest son and a nephew as his companions and crew, going from Chalon to Mâcon and down to Lyons, and then back to Chalon again. These two voyages together covered 470 miles and were very leisurely done, opportunity being afforded for all the sketching and writing that was desired. The forthcoming volume will contain 148 illustrations and four maps, and is the joint work of the two artists. Mr. Hamerton wrote the narrative and to Mr. Pennell must be credited most of the illustrations. Of these, 102 from nature are by Mr. Pennell; there are also twenty-four copies by him from original pen-sketches by Mr. Hamerton; and twenty-two are pen-drawings by Mr. Hamerton himself.

'THE ACCOUNT of the voyage is in familiar letters to Mr. Seeley, the well-known London publisher. It is with sincere regret that we learn that Mr. Seeley, who was never accustomed to allow himself intellectual rest, is suffering from some cerebral ailment that has forced him to retire, at least for several months, from active business. Mr. Hamerton, also, on account of too close application and insufficient physical exercise, has been seriously ill. For twenty-one nights in succession he did not have anything that could be called sleep. To restore an equilibrium to his system, when strong enough to use joiner's tools, he found pleasant occupation in boat-building, spending four hours every morning in this craft, in which he is well-skilled. At the last accounts he was cruising up and down the Saône in his sailing-boat, as his fancy led and the weather permitted.'

The Hebrew Classics.

'THE BIBLE,' said a Philistine to THE CRITIC a few weeks ago, 'has been of little use to me, for whenever I have been good, it was because of tendency and training.' THE CRITIC told me 'this, and I pitied the Philistine. On the hypothesis that his reason expressed a truth, it is still no reason. The Bible is more than a guide to ethics. And I own that my sympathy and my judgment are not with the Philistine, but with that trained scholar at our oldest University, who writes: 'It is for the student to determine whether any system of liberal education can be regarded as complete and generous which does not include thorough study of this great body of Hebrew and Christian literature.' It has qualities by virtue of which it claims an ample hospitality, and appeals to open-minded men. We may put aside its connection with personal religion, and forget for the time that it is a storehouse of historic material. We may think of it as a product of human thought clothed in noble forms; and as such it may well demand to be admitted among the classics, and take its place with the high objects of human knowledge.

There is a strong effort this year to extend the study of the English Bible in our colleges. This is not ill, if it be fitly taught. But, after all, we should in this way come at only a superficial knowledge of Biblical literature. We should be holding converse through an interpreter. In the case of the New Testament, the Greek would, no doubt, be often called in—as long, at least, as most college-bred men study a little Greek for purposes other than Biblical. But with the Old Testament we should be on another, and a less intimate, footing. True, the Hebrew literature is translatable, in a high degree; but no translation fully represents the original. Emerson was not at his wisest when he uttered his preference for English versions of all the great works of other literatures. Certainly no English version of the Old Testament now available does justice to the majestic beauty of the Hebrew. I do not here lay stress upon the venerable age of the language of Moses. As an English classic the Old Testament is three hundred years old; as a Hebrew classic, it is two or three thousand. But, apart from that, it is worthy of study in its primal form, not only because that form is a noble dress, but also because the form fits the thought so closely.

What those should aim at, then, who desire a revival of interest, not all professional, in Hebrew literature, is a more general and thorough study of the Hebrew language. The brave start forward which Hebrew studies have in recent years taken among us ought to be fostered by men-of-letters. This would be only a return to old habits, although with a broader purpose. A hundred years ago Hebrew was taught in our colleges. The chief object was to fit students to be clergymen, but men not clergymen took pleasure in the acquirement. As I write, there lies before me 'A Hebrew Grammar, Without Points: Designed to Facilitate the Study of the Scriptures of the Old Testament in the Original. By John Smith, A.M., Professor of the Learned Languages at Dartmouth College.' It was printed in 1803, and dedicated 'To the Learned and Pious of All Descriptions,' although, as was natural, 'Particularly the Clergy.' To make the appeal as wide as this at the present day, we must have the Hebrew restored to its former honorable place in the college programme. It dropped out under the growth of the idea that the duty of a college was not only to train ministers but to impart culture to men.

For the same reason it ought to be replaced. The odium of compulsion which once attached to it in some quarters is not likely to be revived. Not all educated men will study it, nor ought they. That freedom of choice in studies which has gained such ground in our higher education has, whatever its dangers, the distinct advantage that when all are no longer forced to study everything, everything can be more intelligently and thoroughly studied by some. It would perhaps seem visionary to suggest that the preparatory school may by and bye have a duty to Hebrew learning;

meantime we, who care for these things, welcome the growing number of Hebrew 'electives' in college and university. With freedom of choice, those will study Hebrew who either see in it a needful part of their professional equipment, or—and it will rest with the Hebraists to make this class a large and growing one—who feel the desire to come in contact with the fresh living power of a great literature.

Thus we need not fear such sad experiences as that of good Prof. Michael Wigglesworth at Harvard in 1653. On August 29 he writes: 'My pupils all came to me y's day to desire yy might ceas learning Hebrew: I w'thstood it w'th all ye reasō I could, yet all will not satisfy y'm. Thus am I requited for my love; & thus little fruit of all my prayers & tears for yr. good.' Under the new conditions students of Hebrew will be its lovers, and our 'system of liberal education' will be richer by a noble study, eagerly pursued.

FRANCIS BROWN.

Boston Letter.

THE polite subterfuge so familiar in England, which ostensibly relieves the professional services of the barrister from all semblance to a commercial character by delegating the pecuniary part of the transaction to an attorney, has much to recommend it to the literary man. Theoretically, the barrister is a magnanimous gentleman who works for nothing—an angel of the law, desirous only that its majesty shall be maintained and that justice shall not miscarry. Practically, he is as watchful of his own interests as of his clients', and there is nothing disinterested about him. I suspect that authors also like to take an edifying view of themselves—such, for instance, as that spoken of by Edward Everett Hale: '*Noblesse oblige*; our privilege compels us; we professional men must serve the world, not like the handicraftsman, for a price accurately representing the work done, but as those who deal with infinite values and confer benefits as freely and as nobly as Nature.'

They dislike the methods of the tradesman; they shrink with artistic revulsion from the appearance of bargaining, though, scorn the drossy profits as they may, they never refuse them. Now and then one is found who declares that he intends to look upon his work simply as an article of commerce, but he never does. No matter how reasonable he may be—no matter how deferential to the judgment of others, the rejection of his essay or his poem wounds him as no shoemaker or tailor was ever wounded by the return of an ill-fitting garment. He cannot help feeling that he is personally discredited; he thinks that had he been a handicraftsman, he could have taken back his work without a murmur of protest, but this—this sonnet, supple in its movement as a bough in the wind, Gothic in its strength, or this essay interblending gaiety with philosophy—something has gone into it which makes its rejection seem like a slight put upon a favorite child, and the irritation, though it may be borne in secret, cannot be reasoned away.

Even authors of established fame have to bear the chagrin of rejection now and then, however, and though a market may be open for them elsewhere, their sense of dignity never passes through this experience without a wound. Why should they not depute their business arrangements to an agent, as so many prosperous English authors do? I know of such a person in London, who has for clients a number of eminent novelists; he blows the trumpet and beats the drum for them, and 'negotiates' their productions with the publishers of periodicals. When we have finished our novel, and it is ready to be disposed of, how much there is that we should like to say about it! How much we should like to point out the certainty of its success, to let the editor and publisher understand the magnetic attraction of our reputation! This gentleman will relieve our modesty of the strain and set forth our merits in their full dimensions, leaving nothing unsaid that we would say ourselves—if we only had the courage of our opinions. He says the same things of all of his clients: each is the most popular of living authors,

each commands the largest prices, each has the largest circulation. The author himself does not appear in any business transaction; and if his work is not accepted (the publisher being stone-blind to merit), he is spared the mortification of seeing the bundle of rejected MS. deposited at his own door. He has never offered it to that short-sighted individual; he persuades himself that he could never have condescended to do such a thing: all the odium of rejection is borne vicariously by the agent. The agent, on his part, receives ten per cent. of all the royalties he collects, and I know of one instance where his commission on a single novel was \$750; which proves that it may be more profitable to be a broker of English novels than an author of American novels. The commission of \$750 represented \$7,500, which was the amount paid for my friend's work.

How much better off the English novelist is than the American! The former may lose what he is entitled to in the United States through the absence of copyright restrictions, but he has all our native market to reap a profit from; and the native market is much wider than England itself. A good novel first appears in a periodical; then in three volumes for the circulating libraries; then in a five-shilling or a six-shilling edition; and, finally, in picture-boards, at two shillings or half a crown. From each of these editions the author receives a royalty, if he retains his copyright; and still his harvest is incomplete, for additional tribute comes in welcome ten-pound notes from all the colonies and dependencies which are large enough to have a newspaper. The American novelist has only the home market to depend upon, and in that he is placed in competition with pirated editions of foreign authors.

The advance-sheets are before me of about half a dozen new books which will appear this week or next. One of these is 'Danton in the French Revolution,' by Laurence Gronlund, author of 'The Coöperative Commonwealth,' a work which had a remarkable sale both here and in England. His 'Danton,' which is in the press of Lee & Shepard, is dedicated to 'the earnest minority who are working and waiting for the new social order;' and it is not merely a biography of the revolutionist, but an attempt to anticipate that fifth act of the Revolution, which he believes is yet to come. 'All historians, in the English language at least,' he says, 'have presented the Revolution as a panorama of kaleidoscopic pictures, and thereby made it a perplexing and puzzling subject. Such pictures are altogether unprofitable to us in our generation, since they necessarily leave the crisis an incomprehensible, an unexplained phenomenon.' The fifth act is to take place in England and America, and the author believes that the French Revolution may not only be studied as an example and a warning, but as a guide that will enable us to carry us through the coming revolution 'in an orderly manner.' He states his case with much ingenuity and vehemence. Originally the book was called 'Ca Ira,' but in deference to the gentle, though illiterate, reader the title was changed to its present form. Lee & Shepard also have nearly ready a new novel called 'The Fortunes of the Faradays,' by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, one of those lucky authors who have established constituencies of unwavering faith and inalienable appreciativeness.

George Meredith is surely entitled to much respect, but what is one to say of his 'Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life,' which Roberts Bros. have in press? His disciples will praise the book with unabated loyalty, and those who are not in touch with him will find many a clumsy knob and excrescence in it on which to hang their ridicule. A mad sort of book it is: awkward, unfamiliar, original, irritating, and yet strong in its individuality. Still another book to be issued by Roberts Bros. this week is 'Lotus and Jewel,' by Edwin Arnold, which comprises three long and hitherto unpublished poems, together with some more familiar verses, the new work being named 'In an Indian Temple,' 'A Casket of Gems,' and 'A Queen's Revenge.' One of the most charming books of the year will be 'The Saône' by Philip

Gilbert Hamerton [see *The Lounger*, page 219]. This, also, is on the Roberts list.

A paragraph remains in which mention may be made of some of the new books of Cupples & Hurd, whose house in Boylston Street marks a new era in the Boston book-trade by its locality and its ornamentation. It is not a shop at all, but a quiet and artistically furnished parlor, into which one may step as into the sanctum of some friendly bibliophile. The taste of the firm is also conspicuous in the binding and printing of their new and forthcoming books, which include a new edition of W. H. H. Murray's 'Deacon Tubman;' a new edition of 'Rollo's Journey to Cambridge;' 'A Party of Four,' by Mrs. H. B. Goodwin; and 'Mahaly Sawyer; or, Put Yourself in Her Place,' by Mrs. S. E. Douglas.

BOSTON, October 24, 1887.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

The Beecher Collection.

INTEREST always attaches to the workshop of a great man—an interest which takes the form of lively curiosity when it comes to the workshop of such a man as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The curious had their first glance at his 'tools' last Saturday afternoon, in the rooms of the American Art Association. His sermons, lectures and addresses had shown that he was a wide and diligent reader, and this fact was emphasized by a peep at his books. The first impression made by a glance at the collection was the absence of anything like mental prejudice in the selection of his library. He drank deeply at some fountains of knowledge, and sipped at many more. History, biography, poetry, the drama, science, the fine arts—all these, as well as theology and philosophy, had their charm for him. He was in no sense a specialist or bibliophile, and no one department of his library can fairly be called well-filled. One looks in vain for anything like completeness in theology even. Sir John Lubbock's list of a hundred books had evidently not guided the Brooklyn preacher in his choice of a library. The catalogue comprises 3,000 'lots.' Of these 160 are marked as presentation copies, though doubtless many others were acquired in the same way. Many volumes naturally contain his own signature; his book-plate appears in others; and notes and pencillings in his own handwriting abound. In a copy of 'Hutton's Theological Essays' he writes 'To the fellow who took the former copy! N. B. Do not steal this copy also!' In a book by a certain N. Adams, entitled 'South-side View of Slavery,' he writes: 'Not presented to him by the author. H. W. B.' The fact that so many of the books were presented to Mr. Beecher explains to some extent what might be called the 'raggedness' of his library. Though he liked handsome bindings, he never felt that he could afford to buy them, and used often to say that he bought books to read and not to look at. In this respect he differed somewhat from the late Dr. Chapin. Perhaps the collection is strongest in the department of fine arts and in books of reference, and weakest in books of wit and humor. Mr. Beecher certainly had little occasion to buy or borrow the wit or humor of other men. One is more astonished to find so little relating to slavery and the Civil War; nor is there much of what might be called Americana.

Among the books best worth mentioning are Britton's 'Cathedrals and Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain,' 10 vols., London, 1835-6; Crowe and Cavalcasselle's 'History of Painting in Italy,' 5 vols.; Dugdale's 'Monasticon Anglicanum,' 8 vols., 1846; the 'Florence Gallery,' 2 vols., Paris, 1804; Gould's 'Humming Birds,' 5 vols., London, 1853-61; Pickering's 'Milton,' 8 vols., London, 1851; 'Musée Française' 4 vols.; Holbein's 'Portraits of Illustrious Persons of the Court of Henry VIII.'; Roberts's 'Holy Land, Egypt and Nubia,' 4 vols., London, 1842-6; Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' 3 vols., 1851-3; Boydell's 'Shakspeare Gallery,' 2 vols., 1803; Strype's 'Ecclesiastical Memorials,' large paper, 7 vols., 1816; a beautiful set of Valpy's 'Delphine Classics,' 142 vols., London, 1819-30; 'Harleian Miscellany,' 10 vols., 1808; Hogarth, folio (with suppressed plates); Irving's Works, illustrated by F. O. C. Darley, large paper, 1860-3; Jameson's 'Beauties of the Court of Charles II.,' large paper, India proofs, London, 1833; Lodge's 'Portraits,' 3 vols., London, 1828; Lowell's 'Biglow Papers,' first edition, Cambridge, 1848; Gifford's 'Massinger,' large paper, London, 1813; and Michaux and Nuttall's 'North American Sylva,' 3 vols., Philadelphia, 1859.

Mr. Beecher's pictures are on exhibition at the same galleries, and will be sold on Nov. 8. Among the most noticeable are landscapes in the early manner of George Inness, a study of chrysanthemums by Alice L. Buell, a large flower subject by the Belgian painter, Jean-

Baptiste Robie, a decorative fan-shaped Venetian *lagoon* subject by Samuel Coleman, and a couple of highly finished flower-pieces by Mme. Pauline Girardin. Historically interesting is the crayon, by Eastman Johnson, of a little slave-girl who was ransomed by Mr. Beecher's congregation, gazing at a ring given by Miss Rose Terry. Very good is a large still-life, in oil, by Emil Carlsen, of lilies and brass vessels. Works by Whitridge, Dellenbaugh, McEntee, Farrer and George L. Brown are found in the collection. Among the engravings and etchings are examples of many masters, many schools and many methods. An interesting fact in connection with this exhibition is that a number of the plates were shown at the Sanitary Fair in 1864, at the first large public exhibition of engravings given in the United States. German, Flemish, Dutch, French, English and American masters are represented in a collection which combines the popular element with that of the connoisseur.

The Fine Arts

"A Short History of Architecture."*

MR. TUCKERMAN, a rising young architect of New York, presents in this little volume a compact and well-balanced account of the different schools of architecture, from the Celtic remains and the Egyptian monuments down to the late Renaissance and its modern offshoots. He writes from the standpoint of a practical architect, for the benefit of lay-readers, and imparts accurate knowledge clearly and concisely. From the Introduction, which defines the scope and limit of architecture, down to the Conclusion, in which the principles of the various architectural schools are applied to modern exigencies, there is not a superfluous paragraph in the work. The chapters on Romanesque and Gothic architecture are particularly valuable, because these complex schools are the most difficult of analysis, and are the least appreciated by writers on architecture generally. Mr. Tuckerman is much impressed with the idea of architectural evolution, and of logical sequence as applied to the development of form. He has illustrated his book with drawings of the different orders, and a number of ground-plans of famous representative edifices. As a manual for schools, for students of practical architecture, or as a book of reference for ordinary readers, Mr. Tuckerman's modest work fills its place very well.

Art Notes.

MR. ST. GAUDENS'S colossal statue of Lincoln was placed in Lincoln Park, Chicago, on the 19th inst., and dedicated on the 22d. The presentation address was made by Thomas S. Withrow, in behalf of the Trustees of the Bates bequest. The flag was removed from the statue by the President's grandson, Abraham Lincoln, Robert Lincoln's son. An oration was delivered by Leonard S. Swett. There will be an illustrated paper in the November *Century* on Mr. St. Gaudens and his work.

—A statue by Jules Desbois, a French sculptor of the first rank, has been purchased by Mr. William Schaus for his private collection. It was executed for the French Government, and took the first medal at the last Salon. The statue shows the beautiful youth Acis changed into a stream by Galatea. Galatea loved him, and when he was crushed under a rock by the jealous Polyphemus, she transformed him into a river, which still flows in Sicily. The youth lies on a rock, with both hands clasped upon it. The blood streams down his face in graceful lines. The head is covered with long waving locks bound by a fillet. The water into which he is gradually being changed gushes from under the rock. This admirably handled statue is as good an example of modern French sculpture as could be presented to the American connoisseur. It combines originality of treatment with classic tradition, and is strongly infused with the pictorial spirit which is a distinguishing feature of the contemporary French plastic school.

—The autumn exhibition at the American Art Association Galleries will contain several large Salon pictures by Franco-American artists. 'Washed Ashore,' by C. S. Reinhart; a large work by W. H. Howe; two pictures by Eugene Vail; and works by H. R. Butler, C. H. Davis, Walter Gay, Alexander Harrison and Melchers will be among the works exhibited. At the same time and place

will be shown a large picture by Hans Makart, purchased in 1881 by a New York banker, which has not yet been publicly displayed in this country. It contains fourteen figures, and is twenty-nine and a half by thirteen feet in size. The subject is Diana and her nymphs discovered by Actæon.

—The first statue of Longfellow erected in this country, a bronze, will be unveiled next spring at the poet's birthplace, Portland, Maine. It was made in Italy by Franklin Simmons, of Maine. The poet is shown seated in a carved chair with one arm resting on the back of it while the other, holding manuscripts, rests on his lap. The figure is draped in a cloak.

—The Architectural League has instituted in connection with its annual exhibition a competition open to all draughtsmen in the United States under twenty-five. The subject for the first competition is a memorial clock and bell-tower on a village green.

—Mr. William Schaus has recently given four pictures to the Metropolitan Museum—'Le Chasseur,' by Charles Herman-Leon; 'A Winter Scene at Sunset in France,' by Leon-Germaine Pelouse; 'After a Storm,' by Emil Renouf; and a still life, by Blaise Desgoffe. The Museum will be closed from November 2 to 7.

—Mr. H. H. Spielmann has been appointed editor, in London, of *The Magazine of Art*.

—The Tower of Victory, erected on the grounds of Washington's Headquarters at Newburg by the National and State Governments, is finished. It cost \$35,000. The statue of Washington is by Wm. R. O'Donovan, of this city. There were no special dedicatory services.

—In connection with the Beecher collection at the American Art Galleries are shown works from the collections of Wm. Schaus, H. L. Dousman, of St. Louis, W. W. Thayer of Brooklyn, Thos. Reid, and R. G. Dun, and works owned and painted by Burr H. Nicholls, Rhoda H. Nicholls, C. R. Grant, A. F. Bunner, M. F. H. DeHaas, Arthur Hoeber, and F. K. M. Rehn. Among the foreign pictures are a number of good small works. Clays, Berne Bellecour, Santoro, Villegas, Benjamin Constant ('La Fille de César'), Roybet (two good figures), Linderum, Rico, Hamman and Rossi are well represented. One of the most important pictures is Lecompte de Nouy's famous composition, 'Christians Praying at the Tomb of the Holy Virgin, Jerusalem.'

—There will be no regular Salmagundi Club (Black and White) Exhibition this year. It has been decided by the members that the public exhibition does not pay, either financially or artistically, for the trouble involved. They will accordingly continue the Club on its former social basis.

—Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., goes to Hawarden Castle this week, to paint Mr. Gladstone's portrait.

—A bronze statue of Washington, by Siemering, intended for Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, has arrived in that city. There will be four ten-foot figures at the corners of the pedestals. One will be a human skeleton and another an Indian. On the sides of the pedestals there will be likenesses of the more prominent military heroes of the Revolution.

—A large work by Ridgway Knight, exhibited at the last Paris Salon, is now on view at Knoedler's. It is called 'October,' and shows a potato field with peasants at work. At the left is a group composed of a boy tending a fire, a peasant woman stirring a pot, and a girl who has turned to look at a couple of rustic lovers in the middle distance on the right. At the left the higher ground is covered with low shrubs. The cloudy October sky and crisp atmosphere are very well given. Other important oils on exhibition at this gallery are a small picture by Knight, a large forest subject by Diaz, 'After the Storm,' a suggestively painted Eastern street-scene by Pasini, 'Halt of the Circassians,' an interior of a Cairo coffee-house, in the best manner of Benjamin Constant; a spring landscape by L. Munthe, of Munich, and another bit—birch trees and underbrush—by the same painter; a couple of Venetian canal subjects, by Rubens Santoro; a Bavarian peasant girl, by a new Munich artist, E. Rau; and a capital piece of texture-painting and decorative composition by G. Schachinger, of Munich, showing a girl in white satin sitting among sumptuous accessories. M. Knoedler has recently published several noteworthy French and English etchings. 'La Laitière,' after Millet, by Le Couteux; 'The End of Day,' by Henri Lerolle, after his own picture, representing a peasant girl and lad advancing along the edge of a field; and 'Happy Hours,' by L. Margelidon, after Ch. Jacque, showing children feeding hens, are examples of the best French work.

* *A Short History of Architecture*. By Arthur Lyman Tuckerman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Notes

A REPORT is current in the newspapers that *The Popular Science Monthly* is now edited by Miss Youmans, sister of the late Prof. E. L. Youmans. This is an error. The *Monthly* is under the editorial control of Dr. W. J. Youmans, brother of Prof. Youmans, who has taken an active part in the editorial management of the magazine since its first number.

—Mr. Charles Dudley Warner lectured on Shelley at Trinity College, Hartford, on Thursday evening of last week. The lecture was written for *The New Princeton Review*, and will appear in the November number.

—Mr. Max O'Rell and his wife will sail for the United States on the Germanic on Wednesday next.

—It is intimated that the Highland lyrics of the late Principal Shairp, of St. Andrew's, afterwards Professor of Poetry at Oxford, may some day see the light in permanent form.

—C. N. Caspar and H. H. Zahn & Co., of Milwaukee, announce 'Volapük,' the first book in America on the new universal language. Since its introduction in 1879 over 500,000 persons, it is claimed, have acquired the knowledge of this ingenious tongue, whose grammar contains comparatively few rules, and none to which there are any 'exceptions.' The new book, which will appear next month, is based on Kirchhoff's 'Hilfsbuch.' A Key and an additional Dictionary will, it is claimed, enable anyone to learn to read, write and speak Volapük in a few weeks.

—'Those Wonderful Ciphers' is the title of an article in the November *North American Review* on the subject treated by Mr. Lathrop in our opening article this week.

—Nathan Sheppard, author of 'Before an Audience,' is writing a book to be called 'Picking up An Education.'

—'In Far Lockaber,' a new novel by William Black, will be begun in the January *Harper's*, and there will be a novelette, 'Virginia of Virginia,' by Miss Amélie Rives, in the same number. Mr. Howells's new novel will be begun before long. Mr. James will contribute short stories during the year, and so will Miss Woolson, whose tales will have an Italian background.

—Mrs. Alice Green, widow of the distinguished historian, and herself responsible for much of the work in his last book, 'The Conquest of England,' is preparing an exhaustive study of Henry II., which will appear next year.

—In Mr. Kennan's first paper in the series on 'Siberia,' which will be printed in the November *Century*, he protests against the loose use of the word 'Nihilist.' The word was first introduced in Russia by Tourguéneff in 'Fathers and Children,' and was there used appropriately.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) Mr. Lowell's 'Vision of Sir Launfal,' a holiday volume produced under the supervision of Mr. Hopkinson Smith, with a new portrait of Mr. Lowell, by Mr. J. W. Alexander, and nine full-page illustrations engraved by Juengling; a large-paper edition, limited to 250 copies, of Mr. Stedman's revised 'Victorian Poets,' with eleven portraits; 'Men and Letters,' a volume of essays in criticism, by Mr. Horace E. Scudder; 'Early and Late Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary,' containing the best portion of their poems not included in the Household Edition; 'Lyrics, Idyls, and Romances,' selected from Robert Browning; and 'Hymns of the Faith,' a hymn- and tune-book for Congregational use, edited by Profs. Geo. Harris and Wm. J. Tucker, and E. K. Glezen, of Providence.

—*The Independent* will publish in its Thanksgiving number a series of poems, under the general title of 'Handwerkerlieder,' by 'Carmen Sylva,' Queen of Roumania. Each song is that of some mechanic or laborer. The poems are written in German, the Queen's native language, but will be accompanied by a translation in English verse. The Queen's private secretary writes to the editor: 'The inclosed seventeen songs, being of quite recent date, have not yet appeared in print. As to the offered *honorarium*, Her Majesty is pleased to accept it as a contribution to the sums produced by the sale of her other works, which form a special fund for needy authors.'

—Ticknor & Co. published on Wednesday holiday editions of 'Geraldine: a tale of the St. Lawrence,' and 'The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott,' revised and corrected by Wm. J. Rolfe; also 'Juan and Juanita,' by Miss Baylor; and Miss Norah Perry's 'A Flock of Girls.'

—Rev. Dr. Wm. E. Griffis was to have delivered an oration last evening (Friday), on 'The Power of Literature in Education,' before the fifty-third annual convention of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, at New Brunswick, N. J.

—Comenius's 'Orbis Pictus' is to be reproduced, by C. W. Bardeen of Syracuse, in a large-paper edition of 500 copies, for teachers. The English edition of 1727 will be used for the translation, and that of 1658 (the first edition) for the Latin text and the copperplates.

—'Seidel's Industrial Instruction,' translated by Miss Margaret K. Smith, of the Oswego Normal School, will be published by D. C. Heath & Co. at once.

—Prof. John Fiske has abridged Irving's 'Washington,' and provided it with an introduction and continuation which Messrs. Ginn & Co., who will publish it, declare have made the work a complete history of the United States. The book will be called 'Washington and His Country.'

—In the series of 'symposiums' on questions in theology and life, which Mr. Whittaker is issuing, two new books will appear immediately, one dealing with 'Evolution,' and the other with 'Non-Christian Religions.'

—The centennial of the first performance of Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' is to be specially celebrated at Salzburg to-day. It has been made the occasion of a German work, just published, entitled 'The Legend of Don Juan on the Stage,' by Karl Engel. Another new work, 'Mozart's Don Juan—1787-1887,' by R. von Freisauff, contains a rich store of historical and statistical details in relation to the opera.

—The late Dr. Richard Quain gave the greater part of his property, worth \$385,000, to University College, London, to promote the study of modern languages and natural history.

—M. Edmond Texire, who translated 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' into French, is dead at the age of seventy-one. When only seventeen he published a volume of poetry called 'En Avant!' He became a journalist, and espoused the cause of Liberalism. For a quarter of a century he contributed a weekly chronicle to the *Sidcle*. In 1860 he became editor of *L'Illustration*.

—Mr. Ivan Panin, a young Russian who was graduated from Harvard five years ago, will deliver six lectures in Boston in November and December on the great Russian writers.

—For her *Daily Bread*, the narrative of a working-girl's life and experience in Chicago, by Litere, with a preface by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, is announced by Rand, McNally & Co.

—In addition to the books mentioned in our Boston Letter this week, Lee & Shepard announce 'The Art of Projecting,' by Prof. A. E. Dolbear; 'The Debater's Handbook,' 'Only a Year, and What it Brought,' a posthumous story by Miss Jane Andrews; 'Britons and Muscovites,' by Curtis Guild; a volume of poems by David Atwood Wasson; 'Educational Topics of the Day; or, Chips from a Teacher's Workshop,' by L. R. Klemm; 'Pre-Glacial Man and the Aryan Race,' 'First Steps in the English Classics,' by Albert F. Blaisdell; 'Miss West's Class in Geography,' by Miss Frances C. Sparhawk; and 'Robert Collyer's Lectures to Young Men (with "Asides" to Young Women).'

—Mr. R. R. Bowker contributes to *Harper's Bazar* of Nov. 5 an accurate and interesting page of biography and reminiscences of Mrs. D. M. Craik, accompanying a portrait of the popular writer. We take from it the following bibliography of her works:

Novels.—The Ogilvies, 1849; Olive, 1850; The Head of the Family, 1851; Agatha's Husband, 1853; John Halifax, Gentleman, 1857; A Life for a Life, 1859; Mistress and Maid, 1863; Christian's Mistake, 1865; A Noble Life, 1866; Two Marriages, 1867; The Woman's Kingdom, 1869; A Brave Lady, 1870; Hannah, 1871; My Mother and I, 1874; The Laurel Bush, 1876; Young Mrs. Jardine, 1879; His Little Mother, 1881; Miss Tommy, 1884; King Arthur, 1886. *Miscellaneous Works*.—Avillion and other Tales, 1853; Nothing New, 1857; A Woman's Thoughts about Woman, 1858; Studies from Life, 1861; The Unkind Word and other Stories, 1870; Fair France, 1872; Sermons out of Church, 1875; A Legacy, being the Life and Remains of John Martin, Schoolmaster and Postman, 1878; Plain Speaking, 1882; An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall, 1884; About Money and other Things, 1886; An Unknown Country, 1887. *Poetry*.—Poems, 1859, expanded into Thirty Years' Poems, New and Old, 1881, and Children's Poetry, 1881; Songs of Our Youth, 1875. *Children's Books*.—Alice Learmont, a Fairy Tale, 1852; How to Win Love, or Rhoda's Lesson, 1848; Cola Monti, 1849; A Hero, 1853; Bread upon the Waters, 1852; The Little Lychetts, 1855; Michael the Miner, 1846; Our Year, 1862; Little Sunshine's Holiday, 1875; Adventures of a Brownie, 1872; The Little Lame Prince, 1874. She also prepared 'The Fairy-Book' and 'Is it True?' two volumes of old fairy-tales rendered anew, translated Mme. Guizot De Witt's 'A French Country Family,' 'Motherless,' and 'An Only Sister,' and edited the series of books for girls.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1298.—Supposing W. M. G. would prefer to avoid the delay involved in a reply from the Pacific coast, I venture to suggest that, in his 'Hundred Best Novels,' Mr. Perkins doubtless wrote 'Thiodolf [the Icelfander], by Friedrich Heinrich Karl, Frieherr de La Motte Fouqué and 'The Challenge of Barletta,' by Massimo Tarapetti, Marchése d'Azeglio, but that the titles got re-translated in the printing-office, and he was unable to correct the proofs at his distant home. The first-named work is in the Boston Public Library Fiction Catalogue.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, TAUNTON, MASS.

E. C. A.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work depends upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Anstie, Geo. L. Life and Times of Wendell Phillips. \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Barrows, Chas. M. Acts and Anecdotes of Authors. \$1.50. Boston: New England Pub. Co.
Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Part 6. 50c. The Century Co.
Beard, Lina and Adelia. The American Girl's Handy Book. \$3.00. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Bolton, Sarah K. and Charles K. From Heart and Nature. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
Browne, Phyllis. Mrs. Somerville and Mary Carpenter. Cassell & Co.
Brown, Alice. Fools of Nature. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Bugbee, A. G. Exercises in English Syntax. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Carey, M. (Translator.) Fairy-Legends of the French Provinces. \$1.25.
Chase, F., and Hoadly, Geo. Historical Address, and Oration. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
Coffin, Chas. C. Drum-beat of the Nation. \$3. Cambridge: J. Wilson & Sons.
Harper & Bros.

Cone, Helen Gray, and Gilder, Jeannette L. Pen-Portraits of Literary Women. Cassell & Co.
Corelli, Marie. Vendetta. 50c. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Coues, Elliott. Key to North American Birds. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Cox, Palmer. The Brownies: Their Book. \$1.50. Century Co.
Crawford, Samuel Wylie. The Genesis of the Civil War. Chas. L. Webster & Co.
Diehl, Anna Randall. Elocutionary Studies. Edgar S. Werner.
Doyle, J. A. English Colonies in America. 2 vols. Henry Holt & Co.
Duffy, Belle. Mme. De Staël. \$1. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Emery, Brainerd Prescott. In Sunshine and Shadow. J. Farnly Paret.
Erroll, Henry. An Ugly Duckling. 50c. Harper & Bros.
Frazar, Douglas. Perseverance Island. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Gilder, Richard Watson. The New Day, The Celestial Passion, Lyrics. 3 vols. The Century Co.
Giles Henry. Human Life in Shakespeare. \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Grandgent, C. H. Italian Grammar. 80c. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Greene, Richard G. Aids to Common Worship. \$2. Century Co.
Howard, Blanche Willis. Tony the Maid. \$1. Harper & Bros.
How I was Educated. From The Forum. 50c. D. Appleton & Co.
Huxley, T. H. Advance of Science in the Last Half-Century. 25c. D. Appleton & Co.
Joynes-Meisner. German Grammar. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Keats, John. Endymion. 10c. Cassell & Co.
Kenyon, James B. In Realms of Gold. \$1. Cassell & Co.
Knight, Wm. Memorials of Coleorton. 2 vols. \$4.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Knox, Thos. W. Dog Stories and Dog Lore. \$1.75. Cassell & Co.
Lamm, Thos. R. The New Honduras. Brentano.
Mann, Mary. (Translator.) Reminiscences of Froebel. By Von Bulow. \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
McCarthy, Justin, and Mrs. Campbell-Praed. The Right Honorable. 50c. D. Appleton & Co.
McClelland, M. G. Jean Monteith. \$1.00. Henry Holt & Co.
Meynell, Wilfrid E. Modern School of Art. \$6.00. Cassell & Co.
PHELPS, E. S. Old Maids, Burglars in Paradise. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Pratt, Waldo S. Songs of Worship for the Sunday-School. Century Co.
Pyle, Howard. The Wonder Clock. \$3. Harper & Bros.
Seiss, J. A. The Children of Silence. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Sedman, E. C. Victorian Poets. \$2.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Van Dyke, Henry J. The Story of the Psalms. \$1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Westall, Wm. A F. Crusader. 20c. Harper & Bros.
Williams, Geo. W. History of the Negro Troops in the Rebellion. \$1.75. Harper & Bros.
Wilson, Augusta Evans. At the Mercy of Tiberius. \$2.00. G. W. Dillingham.
Winter, John Strange. Driver Dallas. 25c. Harper & Bros.
Woodbridge, C. W. The Missing Voice. 60c. Funk & Wagnalls.
Zogbaum, Rufus F. Horse, Foot and Dragoons. \$2. Harper & Bros.

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